

CHIRICAHUA



BULL SHEET

We exercise our constitutional rights to the utmost and advise all our readers to do the same. In case we inadvertently exceed the legal bounds of the Constitution relative to the freedom of the press, we recommend that it be amended forthwith and right away so we can keep right on printing our stuff impartially and truthfully.

March 31, 1958

PLEASE READ THIS FIRST

This is the twentieth issue of the
CHIRICAHUA BULLETIN.

As we stated in some of the earlier issues, we had no intentions of, nor the ability to go into the publishing business, nor did we have any thought of building up a large circulation or making money.

Primarily our purpose was and still is to foster the improvement of the Chiricahuas, be it roads, recreations, hunting, ranching, mining, farming, or anything that will make for better happier living.

To relate and preserve for posterity as much as possible of the immediate history of the area, and to tell you about local current events as we see them.

We have promised ourselves that we will never "gut shoot" or malign any individual or name any person whom we do not consider in our friend.

In other words, we kid all our friends, feeling that they know its all in fun. Our enemies are free to go to hell in any way they choose. We won't either help or hinder them.

All organizations and governmental activities are given a little bit different treatment. We like all of them and know that they all serve a useful purpose if they are made to function as they were intended to. But when we think that any of them are not doing just that, we have and will continue to roar about it.

Above all, we believe that all public employees are your and our and everybody else's hired hands, and should never be allowed to forget it.

As we were about to say when we interrupted ourselves, the first edition the CBS printed ran thirty-five

copies and was mailed to local residents including Paradise, Hill Top and Rodco only.

Since then, it has like Topsy, "just growed" until it has begun to "bust the seams." We are now making two hundred copies and have sufficient subscribers in twelve states, the Philippine Islands, Tripoli, and the District of Columbia.

A good many of our subscribers have never personally told us whether or not they want the sheet. Their names have either been put on the rolls by request of a friend, or were included unsolicited when we first started.

So in order to try and hold the circulation within bounds, we are going to attempt to eliminate the ones who do not want it. If we know you wish to continue receiving the sheet, you will find an OK made with pencil directly under the address on this issue.

But if we are in doubt, you will find a ? in pencil which will mean that unless we hear from you, your name will be dropped from the mailing list.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORD.
COME AND TAKE A LOOK.

We told you so. Portal is just taking its first big step up the creek.

The Rancho Sierra Linda is in the process of being subdivided, and prospective buyers are haunting Mrs. Greenamyor with fists full of the well beloved spondulix.

Contractors have been rebuilding and remodeling for the past several days and will continue until three up-to-the-minute residences are completed. The biggest portion of the estate will be sold as is in various sized plots ranging from about five to twenty acres.

You just can't keep a pioneer from pioneering. Stephen B. Reed built the first log cabin in Cave Creek, and Jane Greenmyer subdivided the first subdivision just a little short of eighty years later.

We have heard often the saying "the need always produces the right man" but this is a little different in that it took a woman to start the ball rolling and boy, watch it roll!

Our prediction is that the only thing that will stop the march of progress up the creek is the water falls!

SHAME ON ALL OF US

Our bum roads have been paying off in a big way lately. That is they have been the cause of enough human misery to make the devil himself happy.

Any number of tourists have attempted to cross the mountains by way of Onion Saddle and failed because the road was more impassable than usual on account of mud and snow.

Like all of us generally do in like situations, instead of turning back at the first signs of trouble, most of them kept going until they couldn't go any farther, then had hell trying to turn around.

One old fellow from Sacramento California got his car off the road up at the big cut where the road swings around from the Turkey Creek slope into the South Fork of Onion Creek, and had to impose on the good neighbors for a ride from there to Redco. There, luckily, he was able to hire Bill Kambitch to get his outfit back on the road and headed down the mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. ~~David~~ L. Hayes of Liberal Kansas fared much worse. At about noon on March 17th, they got stuck at about the same place. They finally got turned around and back down the mountain nearly to the Turkey Creek crossing when Mr. Hayes suddenly died, presumably of a heart attack. Mrs. Hayes, who was driving, evidently went into such a state of shock or unconsciousness that she was unable to proceed and sat in the car with her dead husband about twenty-four hours until another tourist from Kansas City Missouri by the name of Mr. Schoene came along and found them.

Good neighbors, there is a remedy for our bum road situation. Let's all get our cabezas in gear and see if we can't find it.

Your old cub reporter has done his bit in his muddle headed way, but the petitions to the responsible organizations, letters to politicians, and all his roaring, belly-aching and pleading have added up to exactly zero.

Who has a plan that might get the job done? Let's try it!

VOX POPULI

Portal
March 20, 1958

Mr. Claude Towne
Oak Park, Illinois

Muy Senor Towne:

Your letter of March 12th arrived here on good old Saint Patrick's Day, but how in hell it ever reached the desired destination will probably always remain a mystery.

It was addressed to Chiricahua, Arizona, which is nothing but a railroad siding

It also arrived at Portal via Dos Gabezas, and bore a Dos Gabezas postmark under date of March 17th.

We can understand to some extent how the postmaster at Dos Gabezas divined that the letters were intended to come to us. We are probably not entirely unknown at that distance and, if the wind was from the right direction, he might have even smelted us that far. The unanswerable question is: why were they sent to Dos Gabezas in the first place?

In our opinion, the FBI could make good use of all the postal employees who participate in the delivery of these letters.

MOUTH OF THE CANYON

The ancient mariner who lamented about water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink was pretty much in the same fix as we residents of the Portal Ranger Station.

Our house water comes in through a pipe line about four miles long from a spring in the South Fork of the Canyon. The dipoline crosses the main creek several times enroute, and melting snow together with recent rains have caused such a big runoff that the dipoline was broken at one of the crossings.

We have an auxiliary water supply in the form of a well with an electric pump, but the motor went on the blink a while back and was taken to town for repair. It would have taken an electrician all of an hour to put it back in working order, but things aren't done the simple way by the government and this case proved to be no exception.

Some bright lad down at the Forest Service Hdqtrs in Douglas, who evidently thinks that all water for domestic use originates in faucets, shipped the motor back to the factory for repair.

with no building of any kind within

miles of it. It is about thirty miles from Portal. The first postmark the letter acquired was at Dos Gabezas, a little dilapidated mining camp about fifty miles from here, and eighty miles or more from Chiricahua siding.

Why it ever went to Dos Gabezas, maybe God knows. It's too deep for me.

Your invitation to make speeches to your clubs is gratifying and, I assure you, highly appreciated, but I will have to decline on account of the distance involved. My old horse is in good condition and would probably make the trip OK but it would take so long on the road that I would probably forget what I intended to say before I could get there.

However, I'm not going to let you down entirely. I am mailing you under separate cover a couple of copies of my publication which the SATURDAY EVENING POST referred to as a "news letter" (The author of the Post story referred to it by name in his original manuscript but they were either too silly white to publish it or were afraid they would misprint the last word in the name.) Anyway, just select a few passages from the Chiricahua Bull Shoot and read them to your club members and give them by best regards along with it.

That will be better than having me appear in person, as I ain't very

swallow-tailed coat to wear on such occasions.

Buena Suerte

Garson Morrow

Portal, Arizona

In addition to the letter mentioned in our above quoted reply, we received another from Richmond, Missouri, addressed to Garson Morrow, Paradise, Chiricahua, Verde Valley, Arizona.

So it looks like Grammy Morrow and Ruth Rea will have steady employment this summer packing water from the creek. The motor will probably be back from the factory by September 1st.

The Russian sky-roving pot hound passed just to the east of Portal at about 6:57 P.M. March 19th. Sputnik II was travelling from south to north and was plainly visible from horizon to horizon at the Portal Ranger Station. The Reas and the Morrows all observed it. So far as we know, neither of Ike's frijole-powered Republican moons have been observed in these parts yet.

Our cute little old Sally Dixon is top hand of the Portal School when it comes to spelling. She went on to compete in the county spelling bee at Benson and made a right good showing. Her old folks are proud of that young lady and by golly so are we.

The birds and bird watchers are having a lot of fun watching each other lately. The birds should be getting the most laughs. Bermuda shorts for the male and halters over falsies for the female seem to be fashionable attire for some of the participating members of the genus Homo sapiens.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Hamburger Charley says he reads each issue of the Bull Sheet twice? What a man! Some of our subscribers can't stand to read it once.

Mrs. John Gordon Anderson and Winkie have both fully recovered from their tonsil operation? (We mean tonsillectomy.)

Ted Toller is considering putting side boards on his irrigation ditch?

Jim Little, assistant county agent from Willcox, called at the CBS editorial office recently? He also visited the Southwest Research Station,

the Greenmyer subdivision, and other points of interest.

Yale University must not be such a hot brain mill? We have two graduates of that institution here in the canyon and neither of them even knows how to shoe a horse.

Mikey Murphy thinks it's a pleasure to flush the toilet now that he don't have to pack water from the ditch in a bucket to refill the tank?

Dorothy Mayes has moved to Bisbee?

DIGGING UP SKELETONS

According to some of the ancient historians, an old gink by the name of Mahomet had quite a "Barullo" with a mountain. It seems as though the old didy-clad gent was unable for some reason to go to the mountain so he decided to have the mountain come to him.

We may be kind of mixed up on the story and don't believe he succeeded anyway, so we'll leave old Mahomet and his mountain as was, and get back to the Chiricahuas where we know what happened in at least one instance, when a big rough mountain got in the way of a big hard-headed Irishman.

The mountain was the main ridge of the Chiricahuas and the Irishman was named Raleigh O'Fife. We are not going to tell you that Raleigh moved the entire mountain, but he did move quite a lot of it, and rather than climb over it, he dug a tunnel nearly a mile long right through the son-of-a-gun.

Bear with us good friends and neighbors if you doubt that. We can and will take you for a walk through the hole today or any other day you choose.

Along about 1915, Fife organized a company back in Chicago called the Hilltop Metals Mining Company. He purchased the Hilltop Claims up on the ridge between White Tail and Pinery from the Hands brothers, Frank

and John, for more money than either of those natives of Great Britain had ever dreamed of, then proceeded to develop the property into one of what he and the stockholders hoped would be -- but wasn't -- one of the world's biggest lead mines.

They started operations on the west side of the mountain by driving two horizontal tunnels into the mountain in an easterly direction, expecting to intercept ore bodies of which there were considerable indications on the surface.

One tunnel, called the Dad Fife in honor of Raleigh's father, was abandoned after being driven a few hundred feet and the efforts were all concentrated on driving the other tunnel which was and still is called the Casper in honor of some old Chicago fellow by that name. This fellow paid pretty highly for the notoriety through the purchase of stock in the company.

As before stated, the Casper was driven completely through the mountain, passing under the apex at a depth of about seven hundred feet. Some high grade lead ore was struck intermittently throughout the workings, a strong indication that greater depth might develop the desired bonanza.

We are a little bit ahead of our story in that the tunnel was not completed through to daylight on the west side of the mountain until after sufficient ore and indications had been developed to warrant further exploration at lower levels. Then Fife decided to go through the mountain instead of over or around it because, in order to facilitate the proposed further development, it was necessary to move his base of operations over into White Tail Canyon on the east side. There, two other tunnels, the Gray and the Rehn (both named for big stockholders) were driven thousands of feet in a westerly

direction. The gray went into the mountain at an approximate vertical depth of three hundred feet below the Casper and the Rehn about four hundred feet vertically below the gray.

Later, all three tunnels were connected by a vertical shaft which was used as an ore chute for moving the pay dirt from the upper levels down to the Rehn where it was drawn out of the chute into mule-propelled mine cars and hauled out to the shipping bin at the mouth of the tunnel. Sam Mesely and George Hall did most of the mule skinning and a big buckskin mule named Jack which was smarter than either of them did most of the work. Other jackasses, both human and equine, also participated in the operation to a lesser extent.

Altogether, several hundred railroad carloads of ore were shipped to the smelter after being hauled to Rodeo by truck. Buford Martin manned one of the ore trucks.

First and last, well up into the hundreds of different men were employed in and around the mine. However, it is thought that about one hundred was the maximum number on the payroll at any one time. The average employment was in the neighborhood of forty. At one time or another, nearly every able-bodied man in southeastern Arizona worked, or shall we say was on the payroll.

Some of them are still around and more or less ambulant. There is Bill Sanders, Blackie Stidham, Jack Maloney, Carson and Ralph Morrow, and Walter Reed around Portal, Russel Kuykondall at Lordsburg, Bill Reed at San Simon, Greg Reay at Yolota, California, and a good many others whom we have forgotten or lost track of.

Greg Reay engineered the power plant and was probably continuously employed longer than anyone except Mark Chapman who passed over the great divide at

Bowie some years ago. He was one of the original crew that started Casper Tunnel with hand tools before power was installed, and stayed on the job until the mine was closed down soon after the stock market crash of 1929.

Bill Sanders blasted down more hard rock than anyone now living. He was on the payroll from shortly after the beginning to the end, except for a couple of years time out to wear Uncle Sam's uniform and fight the battle of the icebergs and vodka in Siberia.

Most of the buildings of the camp on the east side of the mountain are still intact. A few have been destroyed by fire and the school house, which was some distance from the camp, has been razed and raved away. Lillian (Slover) Reed and Ruth (Winn) Stidham, both present-day residents of Portal, taught the Hilltop school at different times.

The company boarding house was operated by a good number of people at one time or another. As we remember it, the old Chinaman, Yuong Kee, whom we have written about previously, was the first one, and Tom and Nora Stafford were among the last or maybe the last.

A big book could well be written about Hilltop, but we only started out to tell you about the Irishman who punched a hole through the Chiricahuas. The story is getting too long for our little publication so we will sign off and maybe tell you more about it later.

An old German by the name of Joe P. Wagner used to run the Star Restaurant in old Paradise. He tried in every way he could think of to make it appear that he was really some pumpkins as a restaurant man, and that he was running a ritzy joint.

Joe often said "Der Star has der Piggest ant der Post Dinink Roomp vest of Saint Louis. It will seat Vun

He liked to attract attention and do a lot of shouting. When business would get slack, he would walk up and down in front of the restaurant shouting "Roomp for Vun Hunner more in der Dinink Roomp." He had a big old lazy kid by the name of Dutch James working for him as a flunky and general roustabout. Dutch was just about an all time low in slovenliness and indolence. He didn't conform to the pattern Joe was trying to create at all, but try as Joe did, he couldn't change Dutch. When there was a crowd in the dining room instead of calling Dutch to come and carry out the dirty dishes, Joe would shout "JOBLOSKY, coom to der front!"

SAN SIMON HEIFER DUST
by Mamie Franklin

Those loud noises you've been hearing down this way weren't blasts. They were all those New Year's resolutions being broken. Some of them didn't even last out the first month.

Siders Walker and I surely enjoyed visiting with the ladies at the last Sew What? club meeting at Portal. Emily Fanning gave a mighty interesting book review, and the grub was out of this world. Or maybe I should say out of this country because most of it was foreign food. Some of those countries must be squabbling as I wasn't very comfortable after lunch (I'm not about to say I just ate too much!)

Calvin Newman finally took pity on Betty and Lonnie and moved the chickens out of the house. He still won't let Betty have the keys to her new Model A.

Folks were getting worried about Mercy. She's been living on love so long she hardly makes a shadow, but she says she has decided to start eating one mean of day now.

Fannie and Marshall Barnes have moved into their beautiful new home and most everybody in the country around about attended the house-warming party Lillie Barnes gave them. We all wish them